As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.
Yong Clif. And so renowned soueraigne to armes,
To quel these traitors, and their complises.
Rich. Fie, charity for shame, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.
Yong Clif. Foule Stigmatike, thou canst not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, you'le surely sup in hel.

exeunt omnes.

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the duke of Somerset and Richard fighting, Richard kills him vnder the signe of the Castle in saint Albons.

Rich. So, lie thou there and breathe thy last.
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue,
And now behold, vnder a paltry ale house signe,
The Castle in S. Albons,
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death. *exit.*

Alarme againe, and then enter the Earle of Warwicke alone.

War. Clifford of Comberland, tis warwicke calls,
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound Alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fil the empty ayre:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Prowd Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Clifford speakes within.

Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering curtelaxe, through the fainting troupes to find thee out.

War.